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FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.

PS 991

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EVERY-DAY LIFE.

A Play.

BY C. W. S.

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NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS).

1858

Monograph

Characters.

PS991
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CARROLL, an Amateur Artist.

FOX, an Elderly Young Man.

DICK MEDLAY, a Young Young Man.

WISE, an Old Merchant.

SEELEY, his Head Clerk.

WAIT, a Policeman.

SAMUEL, a Student.

BLAKE, Captain in Merchant Service.

PIKE, a Gambler.

MRS. PHIPPS, a Widow.

LIZZIE WISE.

KITTY BROOM, a Housemaid.

1st and 2d MEMBERS OF CLUB.

GROCER and GROCERY LOAFERS.

ITALIAN BOY and GIRL.

AUCTIONEER and CROWD at Auction Sale.

A WHITEHALL BOATMAN.

GUESTS at Wise's Evening Party.

SCENE—New York.

TIME—Present.

EVERY-DAY LIFE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Library in Wise's House.*

LIZZIE discovered seated at table, drawing, and CARROLL standing near and giving lessons.

CARROLL. If you please, make the shading a little heavier just there. So; that improves it. [*While LIZZIE continues drawing, CARROLL moves off a little to look at books, &c., in library.*]

WISE. [*Speaking outside.*] Come Lizzie [*enters in muffler and gaiters, with riding-whip in hand*], the horses are at the door, and we've a fine afternoon for a run over in Jersey. [*Observing CARROLL.*] [*Aside.*] My new clerk, by all that's wonderful. What can he be doing here, in my house, and alone with my daughter.

LIZZIE. Wait a moment, papa, and I'll let you see how much I have improved with good instruction.

WISE. Oh! he's here giving lessons in drawing. [*Aside.*] He's no doubt some foreign scapegrace, come over to this country, to mend his fortunes; and makes use of his accomplishments, to get inside of people's houses. Truly our houses are but little protection to us now-a-days. We have English burglars entering through the roof, Irish policemen in at the basement, and German, French, and Italian teachers of this and that thing, walking in by the hall door.

LIZZIE. There, papa, you'll say that is better than my school girl scratches, as you used to call my drawing [*showing a sketch.*]

WISE. Very good indeed my child, if you—

LIZZIE. If I did it all? I made every line; Mr.—why, I don't yet know his name—never made a stroke of this.

WISE. It's very well done, and I'll have a frame carved expressly for it. [*Aside.*] One of my office people here in my house, in business hours, too. He's moving off, and thinks, perhaps, I've not observed him [*CARROLL, bowing to LIZZIE, and*

exit], and you say you don't know the name of this new teacher of yours. There are some designs here beside crayon designs.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. Mrs. Phipps and Mr. Edgerton.

Enter MRS. P. and SAMUEL.

MRS. P. She's here, and that fellow's just gone. Now, my dear Samuel, don't lose your opportunities. Remember, try and appear the gentleman.

WISE. Your servant, madam.

MRS. P. How odd it seems to find a merchant at home at this hour of the day.

WISE. We people who yet live down town, have that privilege; we can walk into our own houses at any hour, without alarming the family, or making the servants stare at us.

MRS. P. Oh, sir! I know how domestic you are, and that, with all your immense business, you can find hours in every day to spend in the society of your family. But why should you continue to live down here, in this dreadful neighborhood, where you must see a crowd of disgusting wretches every time you look out of your parlor windows, and when you step out of your hall door, are likely to stumble over some ragged woman with a nursing baby in her arms.

WISE. You surprise me, madam. I thought you were the devoted friend of those poor creatures.

MRS. P. What a woman can do for the poor and degraded, I humbly try to do. But charity should be systematic; and, in all the various benevolent societies of which I am a directress, our rule is: never to give any thing for the comfort of the body to those who show no concern for the good of their souls.

WISE. That is—you force them to swallow a pinch of brimstone with every bowl of soup.

MRS. P. We've just formed an association to aid the thousands of poor Chinese now in New York. [*Offering subscription paper, while WISE is looking at it, she glances anxiously at SAMUEL, who is trying to be agreeable to LIZZIE*]

SAMUEL. Vastly pretty, indeed, Miss Elizabeth. Its surprising what neat work those beggarly looking foreigners can do with their nasty hands.

WISE. [*Looking up from paper*]. Your hands are more delicate than your tongue, young man. Pity, Croton water is 'nt good for one as for the other.

MRS. P. Don't say any thing to mortify him, I beseech you, sir. He's a deserving young gentleman of humble parentage,

and I am educating him, at great expense, to labor in the sacred profession.

LIZZIE. I don't think my drawing-master is a foreigner.

SAMUEL. I declare, I think this one is the cleverest of 'em all; you must let me keep this, Miss Elizabeth.

LIZZIE. You'll excuse me, sir, but—[SAMUEL *takes the drawing LIZZIE had shewn to her FATHER, and folds it up four-square, and puts in his pocket*]. You can keep it now, since you show such an appreciation of art. What vulgar impertinence. [*Aside*].

WISE. Why, madam, there are not a hundred Chinamen in New York, and you've money enough subscribed here to feed a whole province. A Mr. Fox, I see, has put down two hundred dollars. He must be some person who has made money in the Cooley trade.

MRS. P. Mr. Fox is a wealthy bachelor. Some years since he was a vain young man, caring only for the follies of fashionable life. But now he is wholly changed, and strives to redeem the time by a life of self-sacrificing benevolence. Come, sir, you can well afford to give us your name.

WISE. And I can well afford to refuse it. No, madam, my charity is rather impulsive than systematic. But Lizzie, here, can better attend to such matters [*gives paper to LIZZIE*]. I must hasten to the office [*aside*], and hear what my truant clerk can have to say for himself. [*Exit*].

MRS. P. Hardened old money-grabber. You may go and look after your coffee-bags and sugar-boxes. There're not many men in New York who dare refuse to subscribe when I ask them. The world has just found out how rich he is, or I could make him feel that/it would be better for his *credit* to put down his name for something, when I call. [*LIZZIE subscribes, and returns paper to Mrs. P.*] Thank you, my dear. Men are so engrossed with the cares of business, they have little time to consider the claims of the poor and suffering, therefore we ladies must be all the more active in their behalf.

LIZZIE. I am never happier than when I can find some poor person to attend to, whose misfortune I know is real.

MRS. P. But to distinguish between real and pretended misfortune is a difficult task. My carriage is at the door, and if you have time, I will take you to see wretchedness such as you have no conception of.

LIZZIE. But is there no danger in going alone to such places?

MRS. P. As the divine Comas has said :

“So dear to Heaven is saintly charity,
That when a soul is found sincerely kind,
A thousand liveried angels lucky her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt;”

But I have with me a respectable-looking man, who is a policeman in plain clothes. My friend Mr. Fox urged me to take him with me in my rounds through the haunts of vice and poverty.

LIZZIE. I am glad of an opportunity to go with you, and will be ready in a moment. [Exit LIZZIE.]

MRS. P. There's not a young man in all this city that could have the chance that you, Samuel, have now; so think of all the little hints I've given you about your behavior—be as polite as possible.

SAMUEL. I've been trying to, ma'am, and I can't get on at all. That drawing-master we see here so often—he's more in her eye, I fancy.

MRS. P. Don't mind such people. She has never yet had an admirer, and a girl's vanity is easily flattered the first time she finds one. Kind Providence has made you good-looking, and I haven't spared expense for your education, so as to prepare you to become an instrument of good in the world. Oh, how it would rejoice my poor lonely heart to see you, Samuel—your education completed—to see you married (*well* married, I mean) to such a prize as this lady would be, and then to see you walk with her as your wife up the aisle of my new chapel, and then watch you, as you ascended the pulpit stairs. Oh, the vision is too joyful!

Enter LIZZIE.

LIZZIE. I am ready now.

MRS. P. Oh, my dear Miss Elizabeth, if all our young ladies were like you, how the hearts of the poor would rejoice.

SAMUEL. Miss Elizabeth, allow me the honor. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—WISE's *Counting-House*.

Several CLERKS at desks, back—SEELEY at a desk, R.—CARROLL at another desk, L.

Enter WISE.

WISE. [*Aside.*] He is here before me, and at his work, too, on those Spanish letters I gave him to translate. One wouldn't suppose that hardly ten minutes ago he was in my house, pretending to give lessons in drawing.

CAR. [*Bringing papers to WISE.*] The letters you gave me this morning are finished, sir.

WISE. Quick work you make of it, indeed!

CAR. The work is not difficult. I had finished them before going out to lunch.

WISE. [*Turning over papers, finds a crayon likeness of LIZZIE.*] Ha! what is this? [*Aside.*] A portrait of my daughter!—what assurance! [*To CARROLL.*] Why do you give me this, sir?

CAR. Pardon me! That was not intended.

WISE. How came it here? It seems a fresh piece of work. Let me tell you, sir, South Street is no place for the fine arts! and business hours no time for making figures of this sort!

CAR. I will explain. That drawing was not made in this office.—The hour allowed for lunch I have used in giving lessons to a lady living near the Battery, and, having but just returned from there, that scrap of paper was, for a moment, laid upon the desk.

[CARROLL reaches to take it.

WISE. Allow me to keep it, as I happen to have it. But, pray, who can there be living near the Battery, that has time or taste for the fine arts?

CAR. I only know the number, "20," on the door.

WISE. That is my own house. [*Aside.*] You visit the house daily, and haven't found out who lives there?

CAR. I have not heard the name mentioned, but I've no doubt the people are highly respectable. Wishing to avail myself of every chance for getting a living, I advertised, a fortnight since, to give instruction in drawing, and received but one answer—from that lady.

WISE. [*Aside.*] I seem to recollect Lizzie said something of a new teacher she had found. Can it be possible, now, that he doesn't know he is talking to her father? [*To CARROLL.*] You have not been a long time in this country?

CAR. I returned home to New-York a few weeks since, after an absence of several years.

WISE. This is, then, your native city, Mr.—Mr.—

CAR. Carroll. My father, George Carroll, lived and died here in this city.

WISE. Carroll! There was but one of that name that I remember, years ago.

CAR. My father was a merchant in this street.

WISE. George Carroll your father! Are you the son of my oldest and best friend? Yes, I see you have his features!—you are, indeed, his son! and he, the best and kindest gentleman I ever knew. We were fast friends when boys together, and for years after that, till our paths in life separated. For he inherited wealth and a name in the commercial world, but I had my own way to make, by going to China, India, and about; so that afterwards I only saw him at intervals of years.

CAR. You must, then, know the sad reverses that finally befell him before his death?

WISE. I know it all, my young friend—the change of fortune that

happened to him and to you. For many days before your father's death, I was a great deal with him. He confided to me the state of his affairs, and I saw that his own natural benevolence had been the cause of his difficulties. If he had been a harder creditor, he might at this moment be alive and prosperous.

CAR. And the thought that I, his son, was far away from him in his last gloomy hours, will reproach me to the end of life.

WISE. You could have known nothing of his troubles until it was too late. He often spoke of you. His last words were of his son; not in vain regrets for the wealth that was lost and gone for ever—but he blamed himself that he had not prepared you for some useful and certain business in life.

CAR. True! my father was too indulgent—allowing me to spend years in Europe to gratify an imagined talent for sculpture—when I ought to have been working at a desk here in his counting-house.

WISE. But let us now think what is best to be done for the future.

CAR. Alas! sir, you already know the extent of my capacity for being useful. You advertised for a translating clerk, and I came; I advertised to teach drawing, and found but one pupil, who has to-day finished her course of lessons.

WISE. Those two things are not much, to be sure: yet, if George Carroll's son inherits a share of his father's noble qualities, I, as his father's friend, will gladly aid him to make his way in the world. Here, you see, is a room full of young men, busy enough the year round. Take a desk, give your time and thoughts to business, and leave those old friends of yours—the fine arts—for home recreation.

CAR. I can only express how highly I value such an opportunity, by striving to make the best use of it: knowing that I can never hope to meet another like it. But I greatly fear to let it be seen how ignorant I am of the commonest details of business.

WISE. We never expect much from new comers, but give them work; and those who are industrious and careful make their way up:—the others soon fall out, and that is the last we know of them. Mr. Seeley, [SEELEY leaves his desk and comes forward.] Mr. Carroll, here, will have a desk in the office.

SEELEY. Will he begin to-day, sir?

WISE. [*Hesitating.*] No—not to-day. To-morrow, perhaps. [*Aside.*] A thought occurs to me, and he may be useful just now in another way. You are, I suppose, skilled in matters of taste, and can, therefore, assist me in a little private affair. The other day I bought one of those new style of houses up town. But I have told no one of it, even in my own family. I thought I would furnish and get it all ready as a little surprise for Christ-

mas. You can advise me about the inside decorations, and in choosing the furniture, and especially in buying something in the way of sculptures and bronzes.

CAR. That will be a very agreeable commission ; but it is not easy to act for others in matters of taste.

WISE. They are things I've no practice in. But I don't wish my house made to look like a steamboat cabin, nor an ice-cream shop, with cast iron ornaments, gilded putty, pasteboard or plaster of Paris. I prefer honest oak or mahogany, neatly carved ; and that, with a good bronze, or a marble figure or two, 'll do. Come, we'll go now up Broadway, and see what there is to be got.

[*Exeunt WISE and CARROLL.*]

SCENE III.—CARROLL'S *Lodgings, with statuettes, drawings and works of art.*

Portfolio of drawings on frame—an easel, on which is a small bas-relief model of female head, on which CARROLL is discovered at work.

CAR. It is finished, and I can do no more with this cold, dull clay ; only the radiant marble can express the beauty of that face, whose smiles have made me almost forget the dark future that lies before me. The marble, too, will smile, and though it cannot hear or speak, it may make my hours less solitary. I shall then not be alone.

Enter KITTY.

KITTY. Two young persons, Italians, I think, have called to see you, sir.

CAR. Let them come up, Kitty.

Enter Italian GIRL and BOY.

GIRL. Buon giorno, Signor Carroll.

CAR. Speak English, Laura. You must learn to speak English.

GIRL. I cannot learn, *è difficile* ; mine little broder here, he learn very fast.

CAR. Let's hear you talk, Carlo. How does your father.

BOY. My father, is now got most very well ; he eat good deal ; he walk out doors ; he see the very bright sun like Italy, and he feel very happy.

CAR. I am glad to hear that ; here is some money for him. And take this to your father, he is to cut it in that piece of mar-

ble I sent to him yesterday. Tell him not to work when he does 'nt feel strong and well.

[*Gives them the model.*

[*Exeunt BOY and GIRL.*

KITTY. Mr. Fox has called.

Enter FOX, and eyes the GIRL curiously.

FOX. [*Aside*]. Eh, what! hope I hav'nt spoiled a tete-à-tete. Rather young looking to be sure. Fruit ripens early in Italy, they say. Ah! my boy, I've caught you at last. Where have you been hiding for days and days? I'm sure I've called a dozen times.

CAR. Not hiding, I assure you; but attending to a little business down town.

FOX. Business! Why, I thought you were a man of leisure. But let business go now, I've come to take you to our new Club. You will there find the best set of fellows in New York; some of them, like myself, your old school acquaintance.

CAR. Excuse me, but I cannot join you.

FOX. Surely, you have not come home, after passing years in Europe, just to give yourself the satisfaction of cutting all your old acquaintance—in a lump?

CAR. No, but I expect to be cut myself by the most of them, as they must know how changed are now my prospects in life.

FOX. Nonsense, my dear fellow; such suspicions do not become a man of your qualities. And let me tell you, that if you look so sourly on the world, the world will begin to look sourly on you; and that wouldn't mend your case, you know.

CAR. That, however, is the way of the world. I confess I care but little for it, as I shall be left free to follow my own plans; though I should be sorry to lose an old friend like you.

FOX. How can it help your plans to keep yourself out of sight? You must be hatching some grand scheme for winning fame and fortune. I remember, you used to be aspiring.

CAR. My aspirations are now more moderate; and the only scheme that has of late engrossed my thoughts has been to provide for my landlady's weekly calls; and that I have done by making a few drawings, or selling to the Broadway dealers a figure or two, such as you see here, and which I happened to bring home with me. A year ago, or more, while in Italy, I sent home a large collection of works of art, that I had been years in gathering—some of them copies of my own, and some originals by my artist friends; but since my return to New York, I have not been able to find them, or hear of their ever having arrived. If I had them now, they would be a little fortune to me in this time of need.

FOX. Let 'em go, and don't bother yourself more about such things. [*Picking up a statuette.*] Why, I can tell you, ship-loads of such traps as these are brought over every month, and knocked off at auction at four and six shillings apiece. And the more time you spend about these trifles, the worse off you'll be. You'll live and die here like a toad in his hole. So, don't be foolish, but make a plunge into the stream of life, that you can see here every hour rushing by under your window. Come, I'll clear the way for you, if need be.

CAR. Your advice just agrees with what I've already done. I've now no more to do with art; for, luckily, an old friend of my father's, a merchant in South street, Mr. Wise, has given me a place in his counting-room.

FOX. What! you've become a merchant's clerk! I can't believe that of you, Carroll. So, you expect, in time, I suppose, to become a merchant yourself—a dealer in molasses, turpentine, whisky, and all those delicate products we read about. And how many days of scratching at a desk, and how many shilling dinners will you have to eat, to transform yourself into one of our merchant princes!

CAR. I only hope to make a living.

FOX. Then you have chosen the most unlikely way a man born and educated a gentleman could hit upon to achieve so simple an object. Any boy of sixteen, just out of the public schools, can distance you in that race. No, my friend, I know you; you are fitted for something more refined. You are, by habit and instinct, an up-town man, and only spend your time to no purpose, trying to imitate the ways of a man of business.

CAR. You waste words; I am resolved.

FOX. Well, then, I'll say no more about it. But you shall not stay shut up here alone in this pigeon-hole. You need society; so come along with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Room in a Club House.*

Members in groups, lounging, reading papers, &c. At one window,

DICK MEDLAY, 1ST and 2D MEMBERS, and CAPTAIN BLAKE.—

At another window, MR. PIKE, reading.

1ST MEMBER. I say, Dick, are you going to that great jam that's coming off at old Wise's down by the Battery.

DICK. I might go, if I could find my way to the old fellow's house. Does he live over his store, and should we have to enter his festive apartments through rows of flour-barrels and soap-boxes! That would be fun, after the stupid parties we have up here. Come, let's all go, just to wake 'em up a bit!

2d MEMBER. No, my boy, go and behave yourself, if you can. There's a girl there, such as a bold, dashing fellow like you might

carry off, if you liked! She's been kept out of sight while the old man has been piling up the dimes for her!

DICK. And now he's for giving her a shove into good society, to make her market!

CAPT. BLAKE. They have been in good society for years—where such young squids as you, Dick, are scarce!

DICK. You know them, Captain?

CAPT. B. Her father is an owner in my clipper, the *Althea*; I've seen the girl often, and she isn't built of crinoline, I'll be bound. I met her and her governor to-day, horsebacking it over in Jersey, and her nag made the gravel fly.

DICK. She's a little fast, perhaps: I'll drive her out on the road, with that new team Pike wants to sell me.

1ST MEM. But I thought you were going to Europe in the next steamer?

DICK. Egad, I forgot about that! I bargained with the old gent, if he'd first give me a year in Paris, after that I'd come home and marry, and settle down. Here's the bill for four thousand francs he gave me to start upon: but I'll give it to Pike—it will just about pay him for the cattle. Here Pike!

[PIKE comes forward.]

PIKE. Mr. Medlay!

DICK. Here, take this; that turn-out's mine!

[Gives paper to PIKE.]

PIKE. (*Reading*) Four thousand francs, 1st of exchange, um—um—&c., [*speaking to himself.*] Fifty dollars more than I asked him.

CAPT. B. But, Dick, a pair of fast horses won't quite do your business with her.

DICK. Old Fox was telling me only yesterday to buy 'em. That I must keep horses if I wanted to get ahead with the women! He says the girls think a deal more of a man if he has a horse or two.

CAPT. B. To get ahead with her you'll have to talk—talk sense too, or she'll stop your rattle the first go off.

DICK. Oh, she's one of the strong-minded sort—cultivates her intellect a bit! Well, I can come the intellectual dodge, too, for a short turn: I made a couple of conundrums only yesterday!

1ST AND 2D MEMS. Conundrums! let's hear them?

DICK. Why is the scenery in North Carolina like the scenery in Switzerland?

1ST MEM. Because it's green!

2D MEM. Because I never saw either, and never expect to.

CAPT. B. Give it up.

DICK. Because it's All-pine!

1ST MEM. Good—capital—now give us the other.

DICK. Why does the speaking automaton now exhibiting on Broadway speak as well as a certain very popular orator?

2D MEM. We give it up all 'round.

DICK. Because it speaks as well as *Ever it can*.

1ST MEM. Go in and win, Dick; you are sure to do it.

Enter FOX and CARROLL.

DICK. Hallo, daddy, you're just in time. I want your paternal counsels.

[DICK and FOX converse apart.]

CAPT. B. I say, Carroll, are you going with me round the Horn; my clipper sails in a day or two. Just the trip for a man like you, who doesn't know what to do with himself.

CAR. Fortunately, I am no longer in that position.

FOX. Yes, would you believe it, our friend here, has slipped himself into the oddest kind of a hole, for an accomplished man, like him. He has just apprenticed himself to a South street merchant.

1ST MEM. What absurdity.

2D MEM. Lunacy.

DICK. Suicide, I should say. [Converses with CARROLL.]

FOX. [Apart to PIKE.] I want a couple hundred.

PIKE. Here's five.

FOX. Eh, what! you haven't been imprudent—hitting 'em too hard, have you?

PIKE. No; your friend, Medlay, has just paid me for the horses.

FOX. All right. Did you see who I brought with me?

PIKE. Yes; will he crook his elbow?

FOX. No; he's poor as a schoolmaster, but devilish full of literature, fine arts, and all that sort o' thing. Make a capital decoy duck for us, if I can bring him into it. He don't know any thing about *our* business, and that's so much the better for us. But we must have another hand, to stand between you and me. You have been a little too hard, lately, on some of my young friends, that I have introduced to the Club.

PIKE. I'm gentle with 'em, only fifty or a hundred at a time. Small profits and steady business, I find, pays best.

FOX. But you cleaned out that rich planter's son, for he came only yesterday to borrow of me.

PIKE. He was a tough one and I had to hit him hard in self-defense. He begged of me not to let his father's friend, Mr. Fox, hear of it.

FOX. Remember, this is a club where no gambling is allowed, you're not "feeding the Tiger," down town. Be cautious or you'll blow us and the whole club to the devil.

[FOX and PIKE go up conversing.]

DICK. [*To CARROLL.*] I wish I was in Paris now. The old gent wouldn't get me home again 'till I'd had a chance to see some of its mysteries.

CAR. Your expectations might not be realized. Many come home and tell their friends how much they have enjoyed, merely to conceal their disappointment, because they went unprepared.

DICK. I wouldn't be disappointed, I know. In Paris, with plenty of money, a young fellow like me can live just as he pleases. I'd take apartments near the Madeline. I'd have one parlor on "*au second*," then another parlor and sleeping room, "*au sisième*," dine out on the balcony at the top of the house, *avec une jolie demoiselle, pour vis-à-vis*, where we could look down and see all the world rolling along the Boulevard, right under us. I've been reading, you see, I'm prepared for foreign travel.

CAR. Admirably prepared!

DICK. Come, boys, let's go in and have some supper.

1ST and 2ND MEM. Come on; Pike must pay the wine on his horse trade. [*Exeunt all but CARROLL and CAPT. B.*]

CAR. Blake, you and Fox are the only old acquaintance that I have seen since I returned to New York.

CAPT. B. And I must tell you I don't like Fox any better now than I did years ago at school. He was trickier then and may be now, for I don't see how he lives so well, and does nothing at all.

CAR. He inherited something.

CAPT. B. But a few thousands, yet he must spend the interest of a hundred thousand.

CAR. Oh, we should not call upon the man to answer for the faults of the boy. I for one should not like to have all the nonsense I was guilty of at fifteen, remembered now. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Wise's Counting House, same as Scene 2, Act 1.

CARROLL discovered at his desk, L. and WISE standing with SEELEY at his desk.

WISE. [*Crossing to CARROLL with papers.*] Mr. Carroll, here are three notes, all coming due in a few days; you can collect them as fast as you need money to pay expenses on the new house. Be cautious now, and let no one suspect the house belongs to me.

[*WISE lays notes on CARROLL's desk and going out meets FOX and MEDLAY just entering.*]

FOX. Is this Mr. Solomon's place, sir?

WISE. Solomon? No, there's no such person here.

[*Exit WISE followed by FOX and MEDLAY.*]

Re-enter Fox.

FOX. Has the old buffer gone ?

DICK. Yes, he's off half a block.

[*Without.*

FOX. I say, Carroll, how are you getting on here ? How are sugars this morning ?

Re-enter MEDLAY.

DICK. Got any gunny bags on hand ?

SEELEY. We have an invoice to arrive in a few days.

DICK. You be d——d.

CAR. What mischievous spirit has sent these triflers down here at this time.

[*Aside.*

FOX. Here's where you operate, eh ? Come go on with your work, don't mind us ; your boss may not like it if you lose your time. Time's money you know.

DICK. What an infernal smell comes in at this window, do you have it so all the time ? Those nasty looking barrels out there ; do they belong to your stock ?

FOX. They'll bring clean money, won't they Carroll ?

MEDLAY. [*Reading paper tacked up over SEELEY'S desk.*] "Call upon a man of business in business hours, transact your business, then go about your business, and leave him to attend to his business."

FOX. That's the talk. [*Taking parcel from his pocket.*] See here, Carroll, I've got a present for you—useful one, too, you'll say, when you see it. I bought it just now as we came down Fulton street. [*Unfolds and displays Tweed sack or jacket.*] Look here, a "business coat."

CAR. Thank you, thank you ; just what I am in need of.

[*Reaches forward to take it.*

FOX. [*Handing it to MEDLAY.*] Put it on Dick ; let our friend see how very becoming it is for a gentleman. [*MEDLAY puts on coat, goes to SEELEY'S desk, puts pen behind his ear, then straightens himself up and stands working his ankle-joints, and slapping his hands, one closed inside the other, open alternately, as though talking to a customer ; then takes pen from ear, goes to SEELEY'S desk, flourishes it over books, &c., &c. [more *altrico*].*] Capital, Dick, you'd better advertise for a situation.

CAR. Such foolery will never do here. [*Aside.*] I must get them away instantly. Are you walking up town ; I have to go that way.

FOX. Yes ; its half-past twelve, and must be about your dinner time. Come Dick, let's go and dine with our business friend.

DICK. Dine ! why ! I've but just had my breakfast.

FOX. Never mind, I dare say Carroll knows some nice place near by. Beefsteak pie, one shilling ; bread pudding, sixpence.

Always be sure and have plenty of small change, Carroll, so as to do 'em out of three quarters of a cent.

CAR. I'll be with you in a moment. *[Exit, R. U. E.]*

FOX. *[Seats himself at CARROLL'S desk, sees the notes lying there which WISE had just given into CARROLL'S charge. Aside.]* What! hallo! Lying 'round rather loose. *[Slyly moves them so as not to be observed by SEELEY and other clerks. Reads.]* Six thousand dollars—four months after date—value received, due 17th, 20th, Seymour & Brothers. *[Reads another.]* Thirty-six hundred dollars. Ninety days—pay to order, Peter Wise; due 25th, 28th; Thompson, Arnold & Co. *[Reads the other.]* Fifty-four hundred and twenty-nine dollars, to our own order, due 10th, 13th; Rogers & Armstrong. *[Speaking.]* Those are all good names. No harm just to recollect them. *[Takes out memorandum book and writes.]* A copy or two would go well enough in Wall street, where the brokers have lots of just such looking pieces of paper, tied up in bundles like kindling wood. *[While Fox has busied himself copying the notes, &c., MEDLAY has been sitting on the high stool at MR. SEELEY'S desk, handling and inspecting the little conveniences for writing, &c. Finally MEDLAY discovers that he has inked his gloves, takes them off and throws them on the floor in disgust, then continues rocking himself to and fro, on the high office stool, holding on with one hand to the desk; the stool cracks; he loses his balance, upsets desk, with books, ink, &c., &c., all tumble on the floor together and make great confusion. Fox, pocketing his memorandum book.]* What the deuce are you doing there, you mischievous monkey?

Enter CARROLL hastily, with hat and overcoat on, crosses without perceiving what has occurred, goes to his desk and takes the notes.

CAR. We'll go now, if you are ready.

[Exeunt FOX and CARROLL. DICK pulls off business coat, throws it over SEELEY'S head and exits.]

SEELEY. *[Coming forward surrounded by CLERKS, picks up ledger blotted, &c.]* Twelve years without a blot or erasure on my books.

[The counting room generally in the greatest confusion. Enter WISE-Tableau. Curtain falls.]

SCENE II.—An Auction Room.

Auction sale of works of art discovered.—AUCTIONEER and crowd.—Among the crowd, WISE, LIZZIE, MRS. PHIPPS, SAMUEL and WAIT.

AUCTIONEER. The next lot, No. 64, and last on the catalogue, 'Ariadne on Panther,'—a delicate little copy, as you may see.

How much is bid? One hundred do I hear? One hundred is bid. Ten—twenty—thirty—forty—forty-five!—Ladies and gentlemen—I haven't for years had the selling of so choice a collection. One hundred and fifty is offered—do I hear sixty? This is no stone-cutter's work! Sixty is bid—give me seventy. Please bear in mind, these are unclaimed goods from the Bonded Warehouse, which I am selling by order of the United States Treasury Department, and every lot goes to the highest bidder, no reserve. One hundred and sixty is bid. Seventy—shall I have it? Thank you, sir! Seventy—seventy—seventy! Going at one hundred and seventy!

Enter FOX and CARROLL.

CAR. [*Looking around surprised.*] By all that's magical! here are my long lost pictures and marbles before my eyes! How came they here? [*Aside.*]

AUC. [*Turning to CARROLL.*] One hundred and eighty is bid for "Ariadne on Panther," a beautiful statuette in the finest marble. Give me eighty, sir.

[FOX leaves CARROLL and goes to MRS. PHIPPS.—CARROLL goes up and speaks to AUCTIONEER, who leaves his stand, and both come to front.]

CAR. You have sold all those things, do you say?

AUC. Of course I've sold them.

CAR. Why, they are mine—they belong to me! Did you happen to notice any name on that piece you just had hold of?

AUC. Yes, Carroll. That name is on most of them.

CAR. That is my name. I am the owner—and you've sold them, do you say?

AUC. Yes, and sold them devilish well, too, for cash. They will foot up eight thousand dollars, and over, net. And all I've time to say to you is, that if you can prove that they are your property, you can have your money for them by to-morrow at twelve. [*Returns to stand.*] One hundred and eighty was the last bid: are you all done? One hundred and eighty—once! One hundred and eighty, twice!—gone at one hundred and eighty. Who's the buyer?

[CARROLL stands apart from crowd absorbed in thought.—The crowd separate a little; some walk about looking at paintings; others go to cashier's desk to settle, WISE among them.]

WISE. My account, if you please.

CASHIER. Ready in a few moments, sir.

[LIZZIE leaves her father, and goes about looking at pictures, &c., by herself.—MRS. PHIPPS, SAMUEL and WAIT stand together.]

MRS. P. Samuel, are you asleep? you never see your opportunities. There she is, alone by herself. [SAMUEL *leaves group and goes to LIZZIE.*] Mr. Fox, I must thank you again for your kindness in advising me to have this excellent man to attend upon me. It was so thoughtful, so considerate in you.

FOX. Oh! you mean Wait, there, the policeman. You find him useful?

MRS. P. Indeed he is! Since my poor husband died, I have never, till now, enjoyed such a feeling of security. Mr. Wait is always anticipating my wishes; and it's surprising how much he knows—everybody and every place seems familiar to him.

FOX. Original idea that—for a widow to hire a special policeman to do the drudgery of a deceased husband. [*Aside.*] Yes, Wait is a very trustworthy man; I knew that when I recommended him to you.

MRS. P. But you, sir, know nothing of the married state. There are feelings that none but a beloved husband can share. There is a sweet society to be enjoyed only by those who assume the sacred responsibilities of wedlock. [*She spies CARROLL, and, leaving FOX, advances a few steps to reconnoitre him.*]

FOX. [*Aside.*] The widow is mine! [*To WAIT.*] You are a lucky dog to be living at free quarters in that lady's house, instead of kicking your heels, these frosty nights, on the pavement, down in Water street.

WAIT. I'm about tired on't, though; the work ain't suited to my constitution. Have to go three-quarters of a mile for a chaw or a smoke; and then, we've so many evening meetings to follow up, it's a mercy we haven't been garroted. I want to resign—resign to you, sir.

FOX. Resign to me!—You impudent Paddy, what do you mean?

WAIT. Oh, sir, you are a fortunate gentleman, if you only knew it. She's always praising Mr. Fox, his benevolence, his polished manner, his dignified air, and his fine appearance.

FOX. Nonsense! Irish blarney! [*Aside.*] I'll marry that block of houses, and ride to church in that carriage before next Lent comes.

MRS. P. Mr. Wait, I wish you to watch that young man. [*Pointing to CARROLL.*] Find out where he lives.

[*WAIT leaves FOX, and places himself conveniently for observing CARROLL.*—MRS. PHIPPS and FOX turn off to look at paintings, &c.—But MRS. PHIPPS watches LIZZIE, who appears annoyed by SAMUEL's attendance.—In moving about, she discovers CARROLL.

LIZZIE. There is my old teacher! [*To CARROLL.*] How fortunate that you are here. I want your judgment. My father has

just been buying the greatest quantity of these things, that he knows nothing of.

CAR. It is too late, then, to criticise them.

LIZZIE. But, pray sir, have you been out of town? You have not been ill, I trust, the reason of your not coming to give my lessons, as usual.

CAR. The last lesson was the twelfth, I think.

LIZZIE. Possibly, it may have been, sir. [*Deprecatingly.*] I am sure I never counted them. But you may, perhaps, think that your time is thrown away on so unpromising a pupil.

CAR. You compel me to say that while I had such a pupil, I almost forgot the hard fortune that made me a teacher of drawing. But now I can give no more lessons; my time is occupied with a very different business during the whole of every day.

LIZZIE. You certainly can sometimes spare an evening. We are to have some friends at our house next week, and we should be glad to see you there. Here is a card.

WISE. Come, my daughter, we will go now.

[*Exeunt WISE and LIZZIE.*]

MRS. P. Are you going up town, Mr. Fox? My carriage is at the door.

FOX. [*Aside.*] Our carriage. She must learn to say "our carriage" before many weeks. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—CARROLL'S Lodgings

Enter KITTY, who bustles about arranging things, followed by Mrs. PHIPPS, SAMUEL and WAIT, who enter, and stand just inside the door, looking about.

KITTY. Mistress is gone out, but I can show the rooms and tel you the prices just the same as herself.

MRS. P. I wish to hire a nice room for this young gentleman, who is a student. A room like this would do. Dear me! I am all out of breath coming up those stairs. I must sit down.

[*Advances to center of stage.*]

KITTY. You can set here as long as you please, marm; the gentleman who has this room hardly ever comes home before dark.

MRS. P. This room is let, then?

KITTY. The next apartment to this is just exactly like this one. That window up there is to give air and light to the bed-room. This is Mr. Carroll's room.

MRS. P. [*Aside.*] This is his room—Carroll's very room; and from that window Samuel could watch all his secret ways and artful doings. How providential!

Enter FOX.

FOX. I saw your carriage at the door, and came up.

MRS. P. I am glad you did. Samuel, go and look at those rooms, and see if they will do for you to study in. [*Exeunt SAMUEL, WAIT and KITTY.*] Do you know much of this man Carroll?

FOX. Very little. Recollect being at the same school with him, and have seen him once or twice since his return from Europe.

MRS. P. Sir, I need some one to confide in; some friend to whom I can speak about my private affairs.

FOX. [*Moves a chair near her and sits down.*] It would gratify the sincerest wish of my heart, if I could be of service to a lady for whom I have learned to feel the greatest respect.

MRS. P. You never knew my poor dear deceased husband. He was a plain man, but very exemplary; busy from morning till night. [*Sobbing.*] But he left me well off. [*Sobs.*] Though he was a plain man, to be sure, he left me well off, [*sobs,*] very well off.

[*Sobs.*]

FOX. [*Repeating to himself, with an ironical grimace—mocking her.*] He left her well off, very well off.

MRS. P. But then I feel that I am but the stewardess of heaven's bounty.

FOX. Madam—Mrs. Phipps—my dear Mrs. Phipps—your words reproach me with a sense of my own useless and selfish life. The undeserved bounty that heaven has showered upon me, too, I have used only for my own comfort and ease; and never, until lately, have I been pricked with a sense that I, too, was a steward in trust of riches for the use of my less fortunate fellow creatures. But my life is solitary. [*Takes her hand.*] I feel that I am living without the sphere of human sympathy—that so long as I live on thus, I can never know the truest, [*puts his arm around her waist,*] because it is the most natural source of happiness in life. If you, madam, whom I have long esteemed as a most dignified lady—as the most noble and generous of women—would but consent to accept the offering of my heart, [*kneels,*] you will find it capable of all the warmest and purest social affections.

[*WAIT and SAMUEL appear at window and witness.*]

MRS. P. Sir, before I answer you, you must give me a few days to examine my own heart. But even now I feel that I can confide in you as in the nearest and dearest friend I could have. I must tell you what oppresses me with a load of anxiety. This Carroll has, I fear, interested the affections of a lady friend of mine. She is an inexperienced girl, and he is a person in no regular business and without means—an adventurer; moreover, Wait has discovered that he is a profligate—that he disguises himself in old clothes, and frequents the lowest haunts of vice. I wish you to aid me in unveiling his true character, and save my dear young friend from her miserable delusion. I must further tell you, that among my deceased husband's papers, were found some notes, or

bills of exchange, amounting to upwards of three thousand dollars, drawn by this same young man, while in Europe, on his father here; but coming in after his father's bankruptcy, were never paid.

FOX. Give yourself no further trouble about him, my dear Clarissa, but leave him to me. It won't be a hard matter to place a trifling fellow like him where he belongs.

Enter KITTY.

KITTY. The gentlemen are waiting for you in the parlor below.

MRS. P. Come, Henry, we have talked long enough in this place. Let us go where we cannot be intruded upon. Let us go home. [MRS. PHIPPS *speaks to KITTY and gives her money.*

FOX. Home! yes, home, home! I now begin to feel the beauty, the poetry of that familiar monosyllable. How much it suggests! [Exit MRS. PHIPPS and FOX.]

Enter WAIT.

KITTY. What, you here yet? Why ain't you gone with the rest of 'em?

WAIT. Why, I staid, Miss Kitty, to—to—ask if you had any more vacant rooms in the house. Perhaps you've got one that would suit me.

KITTY. Suit you, indeed! Humph! we've all sorts of people in this house, to be sure. Lawyers, doctors, artists, opera singers, sportsmen, travellers, and now we've just taken in a young parson, I s'pose. But I don't think we've any accommodations for gentlemen in your line.

WAIT. My line! • Young woman, what do you mean?

KITTY. Yes, your line. [Going up to WAIT quickly, she thrusts her hand into the outside breast-pocket of his overcoat, and pulls out a policeman's badge and chain, holding it up.] Think I can't tell? Why, any Broadway stage-horse can tell a policeman a mile off.

WAIT. Kitty!

KITTY. Catherine, sir—Miss Broom—Miss Catherine Broom, if you please.

WAIT. Well, Miss Catherine, I was about saying that ye keep things here looking mighty neat. But perhaps you take extra pains with Mr. Carroll's room?

KITTY. Perhaps I do, and then again, perhaps I don't; it's none of your business either way. I wish all our lodgers were quiet, civil people like him.

WAIT. He's a bit fast, though, if he is quiet; goes some among the fancy, too, I reckon. See here, he's got a likeness of Bill Poole, after he was shot, with his clothes off. [Takes up statuette, and reads.] "Dying Gladiator." But the women are what he

most cares for. Perhaps he hasn't made love to you yet; but your turn 'll come. He just keeps a lot of 'em on the string, so he can take 'em in rotation.

KITTY. I don't believe a word of all you're saying about him. Mr. Carroll's no such man.

WAIT. Well, then, I'll just call over his sweethearts to you. First, there's a beautiful young lady, living way down town, all alone, with her rich old pa.

KITTY. [*Going to portfolio, taking out profile drawing of a lady's head.*] Does she look like that?

WAIT. That's her very self.

KITTY. What did you say her name was?

WAIT. I didn't say. But I'll just let you a little into the secret, Kitty. These folks that are just gone away from here, are that young lady's friends; and they want to cure her liking for this gentleman, d'ye see? and so, when we get everything fixed, we're going to show him up to her father, just what a loose fish he is. Now, Kitty, you are a respectable young woman, and you ought to help us.

KITTY. [*Aside.*] Yes, I'll have a finger in this pie. I see it all; Mr. Carroll's poor, perhaps, and the young lady's rich; and this old woman, that's just come and gone, wants to get the lady for some other young man—this cub of a parson, likely as not. But I'll have a finger in the pie; I'll find out who this young lady is, and if she's good as she looks, it won't be my fault if she don't get the man she likes best. [*To WAIT.*] So you think I can help you, and maybe I will. If us chambermaids haven't a chance to see just what a man is, then nobody has.

WAIT. But say, Kitty, ye don't, all your life, mean to stay a chambermaid sure, forever. Ye'll be married some day to some tall, fine looking boy that 'll love ye, and won't let ye work so hard either, Kitty.

KITTY. I ain't afeard o' hard work, and do you think I'd marry just to live way up at the top of a dirty old rear building, and where I have to travel all the way down to the yard, for half a bucket o' water, and then to run out and buy stale cabbages and frosted potatoes out of a donkey-cart, and then, again, to the grocers for a penny's worth o' milk, and then with an old plate to fetch a pound of last week's beef from the butcher's shop—my man, the while, loafing at the porter-house, hard by.

WAIT. And the darling little childers, too, running wild in the nasty streets, and a sitting down right on the dirty stones, in all the nice clothes their dear sweet mother has put on 'em, all clane.

KITTY. No, no! that's not the living for me. But hark, and I'll tell you the thing I'd like. Just a little farm 'way off in the

country, where we would see the great waving trees and a ring of blue hills all round us.

WAIT. Ah! faith, Kitty, and ye'll have been reading some book.

KITTY. Then I'd have a little garden on one side, and a smooth green yard in front, with a clear little brook jumping along through the grass. Then, early in the morning, soon as ever the great, large, golden sun was up, I'd be out doors, and the chickens, and the ducks, and the young turkeys, they'd all come flocking close under me feet [*gathers up her apron and imitates the scattering of corn*]. Then, soon as ever I went into the pasture, the lambs and the calf, and the young colt 'd come skipping and running up to me, and follow me all about, as if I was Goodness, her own self.

WAIT. And the little boy ye'd be leading by the hand, with his little legs just long enough to toddle on over the stones and hobbles with his dear sweet mother. But Kitty sure, you've the gift o' second sight. For isn't it a snug little spot o' me own, way up in Jersey, that ye've just been picturing out [*shakes her head*]. You don't believe it? and isn't my ould mither a' living there all alone by herself, with me young brither; and is'n't she iver a saying to me to come home there and stay, and bring a tidy lass with me! and won't I come next Sunday in a horse and wagon, and bring all the deeds and rocatos to show ye, and then take ye out to see it all?

KITTY. I'll never get me morning's work done if I stand here harking to your deceiving tongue. [*Bustles about a little, then exit, followed by WAIT.*]

SCENE IV.—*A fashionable street or Avenue up town.—View of a small chapel.*

Enter FOX.

FOX. I see the widow's carriage a little way up the street, the horses headed this way. I'll walk on slowly. There's that polite rascal, Pike, coming on the other side the way. I wonder what he's doing out of doors so early in the day—it isn't twelve o'clock yet. Ten thousand devils! he is crossing over as though he meant to speak to me. This is the widow's new chapel—I'll be looking at it.

Enter PIKE.

PIKE. Good morning, Mr. Fox.

FOX. [*Continuing to gaze at chapel*]. You have forgotten my caution to you, never to recognize me in public.

PIKE. That was all very well, as long as our partnership lasted. But I've made up my mind to retire from the profession.

My pile 'll never be much larger, and may get smaller if I keep on.

FOX. Well, well, retire from the profession if you like, but don't stand talking to me here. Go on about your business.

PIKE. My business is with you, just now ; and as we don't see much of you at the club lately, I shan't have a better chance to say what I want to say. And I'll come to the point at once—I've resolved to marry and settle down.

FOX. Who the devil hinders you?—I don't [*still gazing at chapel.*]

PIKE. No, but I want you to help me. I've been for so many years engrossed by the cares of my arduous profession that now I've begun to think of marrying, I find one little difficulty in my way. I havn't the acquaintance of a single respectable woman in New York. So you must introduce me to one or two families among the upper ten, where I can spread myself, and carry off some stylish piece that'll set me off in the world. All I want is just an introduction. I can go it alone after that.

FOX. Introduce you to the society of ladies ! What sort of a figure do you suppose you'd make there ?

PIKE. My figure and face too, are good enough to serve my turn. I can distance any of those spooney young gents, such as I see on the track, only give me a fair start.

FOX. Pike, I never till this moment discovered that you were a fool. I always thought that you were a shrewd, sensible sort of a man, in your way. But you'd better stick to that circle of female acquaintance where you have been accustomed to shine, and where the ladies are doubtless already familiar with your fine figure.

PIKE. I never notice insults while I'm talking of business. I am as you say, friend Fox, rather sensible, rather shrewd than otherwise—in my way. Pray, have you read the papers this morning. [*Takes newspaper from pocket and reads.*] "Forgery—yesterday afternoon after bank hours, forged paper to a considerable amount was brought to light. The forgeries are copies of genuine notes held by an eminent merchant in South st. No clue has yet been got of the perpetrator."

FOX. What's that to me ? I'm not an eminent merchant, nor a note shaver.

PIKE. No clue yet do you hear ? You seem to admire the architecture of that church very much ; but there's stone work up at Sing-Sing, that'll beat that all to the devil. No clue yet to the perpetrator, but I've just been down town and had a look at the forged paper, and there's a crook or two in some of the letters that I've seen before. There's a lady coming down the street, you may wish to speak with ; she'll be here in three minutes. Speak quick, say if you'll do what I ask ?

FOX. Agreed. I'll introduce you. I know a dashing girl that'll just suit you. [*Aside.*] Her father's a rotten old hulk though he does live on the Avenue. [*To PIKE.*] She's fashionable as an Empress, with accomplishments to match. [*Aside.*] And would marry the devil's own cashier, if he'd pay her bills.

PIKE. Good, I'm off.

FOX. Stay. I rather you would. Pretend you are an architect and we are observing this new church.

Enter MRS. PHIPPS, SAMUEL and WAIT.

FOX. [*Aside.*] There's not an hour to lose. Carroll must be dished and got off out of town, or I shall be done for myself. [*To MRS. P.*] Clarissa, this gentleman here tells me he is an architect and he says your chapel is a perfect gem of the art.

MRS. P. Oh, but sir, my mind at this moment is more than ever filled with anxiety for the welfare of that dear girl, since I learned from you that that designing fellow, Carroll, had even obtained employment in her father's office. Some thing must be done at once to expose him and end that affair.

FOX. You mentioned that Carroll was indebted to your husband's estate?

MRS. P. Yes, and I know he won't and can't pay. But I told Wait to give them to some sharp lawyer who'd follow him up, for that'll help, with other things, to show what a poor sort of a fellow he is.

WAIT. I took them to one I know in Leonard street, Mr. Sue'em-quick.

FOX. I'll go and see him. [*Takes out memorandum book.*] What do you say is his name—how is it spelled?

WAIT. His name is Sue'em-quick. Su-u-m-c-u-i-q-u-e; you'll see it up over his office door.

FOX. Oh! ho! "*Suum Cuique?*" I'll find him.

[FOX and MRS. P. converse apart. PIKE has been talking with SAMUEL looking at chapel.]

PIKE. [*To SAMUEL.*] Why didn't they make more windows? It must be a cussed dark hole inside. That door way is too low, a devilish deal, for my taste. Looks like the entrance to a lager bier cellar, or an underground horse stable.

SAMUEL [*shocked*]. A very improper person to be entrusted with ecclesiastical architecture.

[*Leaves PIKE, and joins MRS. P. and FOX.*

MRS. P. You have never seen the interior, [*to FOX.*] Let us go in.

[*Exeunt MRS. P., FOX and SAMUEL.*]

WAIT. Why, Pike, its an age since I've seen you. Given up the profession? Retired rich, I suppose. You've got into tip-top company here with Mr. Fox and his set.

PIKE. A cussed dull set, too, I call it. Wait, here's something for old acquaintance. [*Gives him money.*] Perhaps I've a little job in your way. Let's walk a few steps round the corner. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—CARROLL'S lodgings.

Enter CARROLL, holding papers.

CAR. Now, heaven is smiling upon me. The hours and days, aye, years, that I gave to art, have not been time lost. Mine have been no idle amusements, for they have brought me wealth in the hour of sorest need. Yesterday I was almost a beggar—to-day no man in New York feels richer than I. I've six thousand dollars here in my hand, and it's mine. The auctioneer gave it to me, and it has made me a free man. But I've found out I was not born an artist, and I can not make myself one, and I must no more please myself with such day-dreaming. I've had one escape from poverty, and the lesson should make me a wiser man. I'll profit by it now, and never need another, when it may be too late. I'll work—I'll toil early and late. I'll learn to be a merchant. I've a rare chance now. My father's friend is my friend. Then some day I'll get a home of my own. Ah, my imagination is at work again! for at my fireside it shows me the fair form and face of one who perhaps never thinks of me but as a poor drawing-master. I'll draw no more pictures in the air! I'll think only of the present—about plain matters of fact. Let me see; I've paid the lawyer that has been plaguing me with my old drafts. I've got rid of him. There are yet some little debts owing to my father's nurses, doctor, housekeeper and the like, that must be paid. After that I shall have left a snug little sum for my own. And while I have that, it will be a charm to guard me from the gnawing cares of poverty, which unnerves the manhood of the soul as surely as poison prostrates our bodies. [*Knocking.*] Come in.

Enter Italian BOY and GIRL.

GIRL. *Buon giorno*, Signor Carroll.

BOY. Good morning, Mr. Carroll.

CAR. What news, this morning.

BOY. My *pavre*, he have got most all well. He work very much, every all day; he have most finish piece marble for you.

CAR. Here is some money for him.

GIRL. No signor, ringratio, n'avemmo abastanza.

BOY. We be not come for money. We have some you gave oder day. [*GIRL prompts the boy from time to time as he proceeds.*] We come now to tell something very much bad. Two good fine ladies come see us many times; come always Monday 11 hours;

shall come next Monday. Some very bad lazzaroni men drink in shop down stairs, all time drink. [*GIRL walks about clasping her hands and appearing excited.*] I hear what dey say. I'se so little boy, dey no see me—dey tink I no understand Inglese. Ladies shall come next Monday, den lazzaroni men rob ladies—rob store man too—dey shall do every all tings bad.

CAR. [*Aside.*] There's some villainous plot on hand. I've seen those men there often. They are fit for any crime. [*Aloud.*] My young friends you have done well to come and tell me this. But have no fear; it shall all be stopped. No one shall be harmed. [*SAMUEL appears at window watching.*] I will be there in time. See here are the clothes I shall wear. [*Taking old coat, hat, and neck-tie from wardrobe.*] See here are the clothes I shall wear, you will know me. Tell no one of it.

GIRL. We have tell no person; no, not our padre.

CAR. Very good; go home now and keep silent. It's time for me to go now. [*Exeunt BOY and GIRL, followed by CARROLL.*]

SAMUEL *shuts window.* Enter KITTY.

KITTY. [*Bustling about.*] Well, I've done just as I said I would. I've got my finger into the pie, pretty deep, too! I've been and found out this lady that Mr. Carroll has been drawing on paper, and working her likeness, too, in clay and plaster, for weeks gone. But I'll let the widow and her folks pull their wires, all just the same, and I'll stand where I can see what's going on both sides, before and behind. [*Sings.*]

Enter WAIT.

WAIT. And here ye are, Kitty, working away just as hard as ever, and singing, too, the whilst, just as ef hard work made ye happy!

KITTY. But I'll not be long in this house. I'm going, may be, to live with a young lady who is like the gentlewomen we see in the old country.

WAIT. No, Kitty, no; ye must come and live in the house ye know of, and that shall be ye'r own, and there ye must sing, and make the man that hears ye happy. See here. [*Takes out a couple of sheets of street verses.*] I just been and got old Jammie the verse-maker to make a song for us, and here it is, all printed out [*gives one to her*]; ye'll learn it easy.

SONG.

My Kitty is a tidy lass, a tidy lass,
She never sweeps the dust behind the door,
 &c., &c., &c.

Enter FOX, MRS. P. and SAMUEL.

MRS. P. [*to WAIT.*] You know this young woman?

WAIT. Yes, marm; Kitty here, is helping us. She can do more'n all of us, to watch our man here.

Mrs. P. I can see by your face, Kitty, that you're an honest girl, and some day you'll want to leave this place, and then perhaps you'll like to come and live in my family.

WAIT [*aside*]. She may like better to come and live in my family.

Mrs. P. Now, my good girl, I wish you to take good care of Mr. Samuel's rooms. Let him have plenty of well-aired linen, [*gives her money*]. [To WAIT.] Tell her to go and keep watch of the street door, to make sure he won't come in while we are here.

[WAIT *speaks to her*, and KITTY *exit*.]

Fox. I can't understand how Carroll got hold of so much money, as to be able to pay off his debt to you. He certainly never came by it honestly. Perhaps we may learn something if we search his room.

[KITTY *appears above, watching at bedroom window*. Fox *seats himself carelessly at writing-table, takes some loose papers from his pocket, and slyly throws them on the floor, under it*.]

Mrs. P. Yes; let Wait look among his papers. It's a duty we owe to society.

[WAIT *begins his search*.] Fox *rises, and goes loitering about*. SAMUEL *also goes nosing about*.

Fox. [*Pushing open portfolio of drawings with end of his cane*], You can judge by these things how depraved he is; nothing but arms, and limbs, and naked figures.

Mrs. P. They are too indecent—I'll see no more. [Fox *pushes out crayon drawing of female head*]. Oh, dear me, and right among them all, the likeness of my sweet young friend.

[Fox *leaves Mrs. P., and goes towards WAIT, who, by this time, has begun to examine writing-table*. SAMUEL *opens wardrobe, pulls out old clothes*. Mrs. P. *looks at them*.]

WAIT [*to Fox*]. The gentleman has been trying to improve his handwriting.

Fox. You may as well keep them safe; they won't be missed.

[WAIT *puts papers in his pocket, and continues search*.]

Mrs. P. Look here, Henry; here are the very old clothes he dresses himself in when he goes after those low creatures Wait has told me of. If it won't do any good to tell the foolish girl herself of his vile habits, I'll tell her father, and if I can, I'll get him here to see for himself; and if possible, when that slip of an Italian girl is here. Then he'll know what sort of a clerk he has, and what sort of a lover his daughter has.

Enter KITTY.

KITTY. Quick, quick! There's some one just come in at the hall door—it may be Mr. Carroll.

MRS. P. Softly; we can all go into Samuel's room.

[Exeunt hurriedly, all but KITTY—picks up paper, &c.]

KITTY. I've seen enough for this day, and so have they, too. I didn't want them to be pulling things about any longer, so just started 'em out. *[Exit.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Evening Party at WISE's House.*

Crowd of GUESTS.—Among the GUESTS, FOX, CARROLL, MEDLAY, CAPTAIN BLAKE, MRS. PHIPPS, SAMUEL.—Music and dancing.—In front, quadrille.—CARROLL with LIZZIE for partner.—WISE standing with group of elderly GENTLEMEN, L. H.—Loud music ceases.—Dancers separate.—CARROLL shows LIZZIE to seat, R. H. CAPTAIN BLAKE and SAMUEL join them.—Waltzing at back of stage to low, distant music.

WISE. No, sir; we can find out nothing; we are yet as much in the dark as ever. And the mystery of the business is, the true notes have never been out of the hands of my clerk, Carroll, who has given them back to me.

1ST GENTLEMAN. But are you sure of your clerk?—is he true?

WISE. Unquestionably. I've a great regard for him. I do not believe he has yet even heard that there has been any forgery. For I had some talk with him to-day. He is an open-hearted young man, with no inquisitiveness about him, knowing nothing that don't concern him, and I like him for that.

2D GENT. Your clerk must be a sort of Know-Nothing: and they are sharp fellows and want watching—eh, Doctor?

3D GENT. *[Doctor.]* Yes, sir. Lucius Junius Brutus was the great Know-Nothing of ancient times, and his simplicity overturned the throne of the Tarquins, and set up the Roman Republic.

WISE. Oh, Carroll's honest. I've no suspicion of him.

FOX. I knew him at school; good fellow then—a little wild since, perhaps, but hardly capable of committing a crime.

LIZZIE. *[Crossing to her father.]* Do come with me a moment, papa; I want you to speak to my drawing teacher.

WISE. *[Aside.]* What! my clerk, Carroll!—how came he here? *[To LIZZIE.]* Is he here to-night?

LIZZIE. Yes; I invited him. His name is Carroll, and strangely enough, that name is on many of the beautiful things you bought

the other day. And I half suspect he had something to do with making them: though I can't get him to own it. You must come and take some notice of him; he is a stranger, is poor, perhaps, and should have some encouragement.

WISE. [*Aside.*] I suspect he is getting some encouragement. Not now, my child. I'll speak with him bye-and-bye. [*Returns to group of GENTLEMEN.*] Come, gentlemen, go on down to supper.

1ST GENT. No, I always wait and go down with my host, when he happens to be an old India merchant like Wise, here. He knows the marks on the bottles that have sailed in his ships.

MRS. P. I was just saying that we, simple women, had now-a-days to mind our household affairs just the same as they did in old King Solomon's time. But you men have grown very wise and learned, to make steamships, rail-cars and telegraphs, and send them all over the world; yet, you men don't see what is sometimes going on in your own houses; but we women can see telegraphs working there, while you can't even see the wires.

WISE. If we saw these wires, we might think it best to cut them.

[*The GUESTS thin out.—Wise turns towards the place where CARROLL is.—CARROLL comes to him.*]

CAR. I did not know, until this moment, that it is to your house I was invited this evening. Our relations are such, that I should not have come without a direct invitation from you.

WISE. I am aware how it happened, and, though I have a great regard for you, you probably see that it would interfere with the discipline of my counting-room to have the clerks visiting in my family.

CAR. I appreciate the fact, and will at once take my leave.

WISE. No, young man, you must not go; I am now your host; I make no distinction among my guests; all here are equals. I wish you to stay and share, with others, whatever enjoyment my house affords. So, do me the favor to go, with the rest, to the supper table. [*The rooms have become cleared.—Exit CARROLL.*]

Re-enter Fox.

FOX. Sir, the forger of your name is a guest in your house to-night. I have no *legal* proof to give you, but if you ever discover him, you will find what I now tell you is true. A word is enough to put you on the right track, if you are disposed to take it.

WISE. [*Aside.*] I see he points to Carroll. [*Taking his hand.*] Tell your suspicions to no one, but leave me time to reflect if it can be so. [*With emotion.*]

FOX. It is my wish, as, perhaps, it may be yours, that the offender may be allowed to leave the country.

WISE. We are agreed on that: let it be so. [*Aside.*] Yes, I'll make good all the losses—aye, sacrifice double the amount, rather than the spirit of my old friend should look down upon his erring son the tenant of a felon's cell. [*To Fox.*] I cannot conceal how much I am troubled by what you have told me. I must withdraw from the company. My absence will not be remarked.

[*Exit WISE.*]

FOX. [*Solus.*] How beautifully everything works. Before I left the supper-room, the widow and her Samuel had dropped a word or two about the Italian girl and that old coat and hat: and people begun to look surprised, and steal side glances at the favored stranger. And now I've sent the old gent himself off to bed. Why, I never till now knew half my own genius! A tithe of my talent has made the fortune of prime ministers ere now. Demme, I could bamboozle a dozen eminent merchants, win forty rich widows, and floor a hundred Carrolls. Poor Carroll! his gentle, sensitive spirit must sink before the magnetic power of a thousand unfriendly eyes and scorning fingers. He will be glad enough to go off with his slushy friend, Captain Blake, there.

[*During Fox's soliloquy, the stage has filled up with GUESTS returning from supper-room.—BLAKE stands, with others R. H. front.—Waltzing to low music re-commences.*]

CARROLL enters hurriedly, and crosses to BLAKE.

CAR. Oh, captain, I must speak to some one—you are my friend! I could weep like a woman. Tell me what has happened? Why am I so treated?

BLAKE. My dear fellow, I wish I could tell you. I saw something strange, but could not find out what it meant. If any one has insulted you, Carroll, you can depend on me. My clipper shall lie tied to her dock a month rather than you should want a friend to second you. I remember your pluck, my boy, at school, not many years gone by, you can't have changed much yet.

CAR. No one has insulted me. But the ladies and old gentlemen and even the very servants have all joined to make me feel as though I was a contemptible intruder here in their company.

BLAKE. I am a sailor and don't see enough of these fashionable fooleries to understand them. But do you put on a bold face now, go and get a partner for the waltz, and I will keep a look out for you to see what's in the wind.

[CARROLL goes to several ladies, they refuse and the company generally shrink from and turn their backs on him. Enter LIZZIE, followed by MRS. PHIPPS.]

LIZZIE. No, madam, no. I am the hostess here, and I must not listen to slanderous whisperings about the humblest of my guests. To-morrow will be time enough to hear you. But to-night he is here by my invitation, and be he clerk or teacher or what you will, he shall be treated as a gentleman. [*Notices the manner CARROLL is being treated.*] If woman is weak she sometimes can protect, when man's strength is powerless.

[*Pauses a moment, then goes up and offers herself to CARROLL as partner, and they waltz. Enter MEDLAY, tipsy.*

MED. [*To FOX.*] Help me, daddy, or I sink. That horrible wine has poisoned me. My head feels as though I had just come out of a lager bier cellar. Gad, there she is dancing with that beggar again, and she wouldn't give me a chance to tell my conundrums, or even hear a word about my horses. I'd like now just to give 'em a tumble on the floor together.

FOX. You are a bold fellow, Dick, and dare do what no one else dare.

[MEDLAY puts himself before CARROLL and LIZZIE, as they waltz towards the front of the stage; drops his glove and stoops down extending one leg behind so as to come in their way. BLAKE standing near, jerks him out of the way and he falls his length.

FOX. You are rude, sir, to my young friend.

BLAKE. FOX, I know you, and you know me. You are a worthless puppy, and if you ever speak to me again I'll send my boat'son after you with his cat and he knows how to use it.

MRS. P. Come, Henry, we have staid too long, let us say good-night.

FOX. We may wait till morning for that ceremony. Our princely host has taken himself off to bed, and his daughter there is bestowing all her smiles on one of his clerks. [*Speaking this so as to be heard by several.*] We might as well all go at once.

[*A general exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Low Grocery Store.*

GROCEER behind the counter, which runs along the back of stage. At a right angle to the counter is a pile of soap and candle boxes, forming a screen, dividing off a third of the stage. Behind this screen, a party of half-a-dozen of the lowest class are drinking and playing cards. Italian BOY is playing with pebbles near R. E. Behind counter is door, open, showing staircase. Two or three ragged children and a miserable woman enter, one after another, for spirits, which they carry away in tin coffee-pot, broken tea-cup, and the like.

1ST LOAFER. Give me the papers; my deal.

NEGRO. I won't play 'gin; I ain't no luck, if I be a nigger.

2D LOAF. Carl give 's 'nother go all 'round; the drinks is on me.

GROCER. No, lads, you're getting a deal too noisy. Them silk gowns 'll be here maybe 'fore long. Keep easy till they be gone, and I'll stand treat for the crowd.

1ST LOAF. I'll bet you won't think a word about it.

2D LOAF. No, 'cause we'll be gone 'fore they be.

[Looking significantly at each other.]

3D LOAF. See, this won't be too heavy, is it? *[Showing cudgel.]*

1ST LOAF. I've got something heavier 'n that for that damned thief, Wait. I've felt his timber, now he's got to have a taste o' mine.

Enter CARROLL, disguised, from L. D., behind counter.

CAR. It's past the hour, and they may not come to-day. But I dare not go; I'll make some pretense for staying here awhile. *[Calls for beer, which is put on table; he takes out pipe and lays it down, &c.]*

1ST LOAF. *[Appearing to look through the screen.]* Hush, boys; the dry goods are coming; I see their fricasee petticoats a-getting out o' the carriage, top o' the alley.

2D LOAF. That rascal, Wait, marching on ahead on 'em. straight as a ramrod; I'll put a kink into him afore he's out o' this.

Enter WAIT, followed by MRS. PHIPPS and LIZZIE.

LIZZIE *[to BOY.]* Ah, my little fellow, happy as ever, with only those little pebbles to play with. Here's something to buy marbles with.

BOY. Gratzia, Signorina.

[Girl enters from L. D., and ushers in MRS. P. and LIZZIE, who follows her out. WAIT remains talking with GROCER.]

1ST LOAF. Now, boys, do we all know our parts? I'm to tap the grocer and get his book. He would'nt tick me for a bit of bacon, Saturday.

2D LOAF. I'm to settle scores with Wait.

3D LOAF. And I'm to see what cash is in the till.

1ST LOAF. And you, you black devil, you're to grab the old gal's watch and puss.

NEGRO. And kiss the young one, may be.

1ST LOAF, *[pointing to CARROLL.]* He'll run; if he don't, some of us can do for him.

Re-enter MRS. P. and LIZZIE, with GIRL.

LIZZIE. What a perfect piece of work that poor man is making from that piece of marble, and in that wretched chamber, too.

MRS. P. And how wonderfully like you it is.

LIZZIE. Tell your father I wish to buy that piece of marble he's carving, [to BOY.]

BOY. My padre no sell him. He make him for one signor.

LIZZIE. Then he must make another like it, for me. Here is some money for him.

[While LIZZIE is talking to BOY, WAIT points out CARROLL to MRS. PHIPPS. LIZZIE goes and converses in dumb show with Italian GIRL.

MRS. P. How providential. I'll show him to her at once.

[MRS. P. steps back to LIZZIE.

CARROLL [to WAIT.] Policeman, don't look round, but hear what I say. Be on your guard, there's mischief at hand. Be ready; I'll stand by you. There's help enough outside.

MRS. PHIPPS [coming forward]. I want to show you an old acquaintance here, a gentleman you've seen before. He's here in disguise and thinks he's not known.

[Pile of boxes is thrown down, the LOAFERS rush forward. WAIT fires on them, also GROCER from behind counter. NEGRO falls, with two or three others. MRS. P. screams; LIZZIE faints in CARROLL'S arms. Several policemen rush in. Tableaux.

SCENE III.—*Battery Grounds.—View of harbor, with vessels lying at anchor in distance.—Dark and rainy at commencement; afterwards bright moonlight.*

Enter CARROLL, carrying carpet-bag, followed by BOATMAN carrying oars.

BOATMAN. Boat, sir? want a boat, sir?

CAR. Yes, I want a boat. Do you know where the ship Althea lies?

BOATMAN. Yes, sir, Captain Blake's clipper: there she lies—I can see her; it's too dark for you to see. That's her light you can see yonder. She'll be off 'fore daylight; the wind's just hauled fair. The Captain himself'll be going aboard in an hour or so.

CAR. Here, take my bag, and I'll be with you shortly.

BOATMAN. Thank you, sir; my boat is just alongside the wall, by that lamp-post yonder. [Exit BOATMAN with bag.

CAR. [Solus.] Again I stand alone without an object, without an aim in life. Cast off by my new found acquaintance, and by some hidden agency dismissed from the regard of one who called himself my father's life-long friend: but with whom I would not plead or remonstrate. Those waves I hear plashing yonder have invited many a wretch to confess the errors of his life, and end all its misery by one bold plunge. To me they call in vain. Mine is no such despairing soul. 'Tis only man that frowns upon me,

not heaven. Beyond the thick vapors that make this darkness here, there is a sky that beams with eternal brightness and circles all the earth. This darkness is now my friend, and hides my departure from the spot where once I had a home. The chilly wind sweeps with gusty sound through the bare limbs of those familiar trees: and it has made them strong and hardy: while I have dreamed the years of life away in sunny and sheltered spots. Now I stand, like them, bare, and exposed to all that time and chance may bring to me. But they will bloom again, and the birds return and sing among the branches, and make a holiday for man and child. Have I no strength, no courage, no hope? A way is opened to me. I'll go: and these moaning winds, too, shall be my friends, to carry me to far-off lands, where fortune and a home may yet be gained. A home! no, my heart can never have but one home, and that is here, where these waters flow among their companion hills and rocks, that never change! And here is her home, too; whose smile has gladdened for me a few short hours of life, I can never forget. Yet, such fond dreaming would bind me here a weak and idle man. I'll remember her as a generous, noble friend! and that shall dignify my every thought and act to the end of life. Through this gloom the light comes streaming from the windows of her house. I'll go nearer to speak unheard a last farewell. [Exit.]

Enter WISE.

WISE. The storm is nearly over, the clouds are breaking away. I must take the air a while; I shall sleep the better for it.

Enter WAIT.

WAIT. Sir, I've just come from your house to look for you. Your clerk, Carroll, is innocent. I've found the forger of your name. It's Mr. Fox himself! Kitty helped me to discover him, and I shall wake him up to-morrow morning an hour or two before his time.

WISE. But where is Carroll, the young man whom I have so deeply wronged by my suspicions, and dismissed from my office? Thank heaven, I used no harsh words to him. We must find him before we sleep.

[CARROLL crosses back part of stage, as though searching for the boat, and exit.]

Enter Italian Boy.

BOY. [Following after CARROLL]. That shall be Signor Carroll.

WAIT. Excuse me a moment, I see a little vagabond yonder, I must catch him. [Goes after BOY, seizes him.]

WAIT. [*Forward*]. What are you doing here, this time o' night, you little thief—after picking gentlemen's pockets?

BOY. Me no tief. Me go find Signor Carroll.

WISE. What can you know of him, my lad?

BOY. He one very good friend to my padre. My padre poor, sick long time. Signor give him money; my padre get well strong, he make one marble head for Signor Carroll. Signor. he say he sail 'way from New York dis night. He tell me come here see him, and bring piece marble for Signorina in dat house. I leave marble dere.

WAIT. The boy speaks true. I was at your house a moment since, and saw it brought in. [*Enter CARROLL.*]

CAR. Policeman, can you help me find a boat I'm in search of. The boatman was to take me on board the *Althea*. Ah! there's my little friend I was expecting to see here.

WISE. Sir, I hope you'll want no boat to-night. But stay, and let a friend undo the deep wrong you have suffered at his hands.

[*WISE turns his face to CARROLL.*]

CAR. [*Recognising*]. I have not sought this meeting, sir.

WISE. But I trust that I shall have cause to thank heaven for it, to the last day of my life. Come to my house, and this man will help explain to you how that I was made to suppose you undeserving of my confidence. Your friend, Captain Blake, will call on me for his papers, before he sails. So that if you are still resolved, you can go aboard with him. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE IV.—WISE'S House.

Enter LIZZIE, holding an open letter, followed by KITTY, bringing the small marble medallion, which she stands on table.

KITTY. And sure, Miss Elizabeth, if the gentleman did forget to write his name to his own letter, ye need not be wondering who has sent ye this sweet image of yourself; you've been hearing me speaking to you of him all day long.

LIZZIE. I believe you, Kitty.

KITTY. And ye may believe every word I say. For didn't he work for days and days all alone in his chamber, making a pattern for this same? and hadn't I every day to sweep away the litter he made with his clay and his plaster? But Lord knows I never grudged that bit o' trouble, being I thought it was the image of the Blessed Lady herself he wrought on.

LIZZIE. This delicately-chiseled marble tells, as no words could tell me, how much I must have been in his thoughts. And these few lines tell me that now he has gone—perhaps never to return.

KITTY. He may not be gone away yet, marm. Wait is here, and I'll make him start and hunt the whole town over this night to find him for you.

LIZZIE. You must do no such thing, Kitty.

KITTY. Then ye've patience to wait for his coming back of himself, as you know he will sure, if he loves you; as like he must, after looking at yer face so long to make your likeness in stone.

LIZZIE. Why should he go away in such haste? There is some mystery about him which makes me fear to think of him. That wind I hear is bearing him leagues away, and from some trouble here it must be.

KITTY. He may, like enough, have trouble to drive him off. This old woman coming, as I told you, with a policeman, to ransack his lodgings, and setting spies to watch him night and day, and telling it all over town what a poor good-for-nothing he was. That's enough to drive away the honestest gentleman in New York.

Enter WISE.

WISE. Kitty, Wait is below to speak with you. [*Exit KITTY.*]

LIZZIE. My father. [*Weeping.*] I have always loved you, and I always will love and—obey you.

WISE. My child I do not blame you, no my darling. I your old father loved the young man myself and cannot blame a girl like you.

LIZZIE. [*Handing letter.*] Read this, dear father, and tell me what dreadful thing—what has he done that he must fly?

WISE. No, I do not wish to read it. Keep it until he comes back to us, and that may not be long.

Enter KITTY.

KITTY. Mrs. Phipps and Mr. Fox are waiting in their carriage to know if you are at home?

LIZZIE. I can see no one now. [*KITTY whispers LIZZIE.*]

WISE. Yes, dry up your tears, my darling, and go into the library. Captain Blake is there with another friend you'd like to see. Tell them to come up.

[*Exeunt LIZZIE and KITTY, R. and L.*]

Enter FOX and MRS. PHIPPS.

MRS. P. You must excuse us for coming at this late hour, but we have so large a circle of friends and but a few days left too make our calls.

WISE. You are quite welcome. You could not have come at a better time.

MRS. P. Where is Lizzie? I hope she has recovered from the shock of that dreadful scene. I am glad she does not know Carroll was there, or her girlish fancy might suppose that he was our protector there.

FOX. I have been at some trouble to inquire about that affair, and think it possible that it was a piece of theatrical clap-trap he contrived so as to recommend himself to your daughter's regard.

MRS. P. But have you yet found who forged your notes?

FOX. Clarissa the young man has gone; he has been kindly allowed to leave the country. So its hardly worth while to say more about him. I saw Wait here. *[To WISE.]* A moment since as I came in. Call him up and I will satisfy our friend once for all.

[WISE rings. KITTY enters.]

WISE. Tell Wait to come; yes, and ask up all the company from the library. *[Exit KITTY.]*

Enter WAIT.

FOX. Wait have you those papers with you; let Mr. Wise look at them.

Re-enter KITTY.

WISE. *[Taking papers and inspecting them.]* The very names.

Enter LIZZIE, CARROLL and BLAKE, at back of stage.

FOX. Where did you find those papers?

WAIT. I picked them up from under the writing table in Mr. Carroll's lodgings.

KITTY. *[To FOX.]* And I saw you throw those papers there. Saw you do it with my own eyes. I did.

MRS. P. Why girl, are you crazy? Do you know you may be punished for such falsehoods about respectable people.

KITTY. But I did see him though. For when Wait told me to go and watch the street door, so the gentleman might not come in and catch you marm, while you were rummaging his room, I just ran into the next room and peeped through the bed-room window, where your young man used to watch Mr. Carroll for you, and there I see everything you did there that day.

MRS. P. I'll not stay another moment in this house, where a servant is allowed to insult me before her master's face. *[Going FOX offers to attend her. WAIT follows close to FOX. To FOX.]* No sir, I shall go home in my carriage alone to-night.

[Exit MRS. PHIPPS. CARROLL, BLAKE and LIZZIE advance. FOX on returning to WISE discovers their presence.]

FOX [*to himself*]. Carroll here at this unlucky hour. [T WISE.] A man of your position, and with your experience in the world will hardly suspect your friends without more proof than what this lump of a servant girl says. People of her class are oftentimes as artful as they are ignorant.

WAIT. Sir, I have a special respect for this young lady, and you'd better not speak unrespectfully of her, if you wish to be comfortable while you're in my charge.

FOX. You're charge! This is not a court, and if it were, there's only that girl to say anything.

WAIT. Don't make yourself uneasy about that. To-morrow, the judge 'll hear enough more of your tricks. Your friend, Mr. Pike, has been leaking a little; and then, too, ye'll remember sitting awhile one day at this gentleman's desk, in the counting-house; and a great deal more that shall be told—enough to satisfy ye, if ye are any ways reasonable. [*Taking out badge.*] So now, if ye please, ye are my prisoner.

WISE. What say you, my friends; is the prisoner here guilty, or not guilty?

ALL. Guilty.

WISE. Then let us save our overtaxed city the cost of another trial, and pass sentence on him now. Let him be "transported for life." Do you understand me, Captain?

BLAKE. Yes, I'll take him along with me, round the Horn, and set him ashore in Patagonia. The rascal deserves that, not only for his financiering, but for his cruel tricks to ruin the character and prospects of an honest man.

WAIT. But he is my prisoner, and I shan't get the three hundred dollars reward, if I let him slip that way.

LIZZIE. [*Going up to WAIT, takes his badge and puts it on KITTY.*] No, Kitty must have the reward—she is the detective; we owe everything to her.

WISE. And she shall have it, too, to her credit in the Savings Bank, to-morrow.

KITTY. [*Takes Bank pass-book from her bosom.*] Three hundred put with two hundred twenty-three dollars and two shillings; how much does that make?

WAIT. Goodness, Kitty, that'll stock our farm for us, Kitty. Take him along with you, Captain, if you please. I would'nt agree to it but for fear the Governor up at Albany might pardon him, and so we'd lose all the trouble we've had to catch him. Take him along, Captain. But I'll go with you, he might bolt.

CAR. Captain, let him have the use of my outfit.

CAP. No! a monkey-jacket and tarpaulin 'll be all the outfit he'll want, aboard my ship.

[*Exeunt CAPTAIN, FOX, WAIT and KITTY.*]

WISE. There are now but us three left of all the characters who have figured here in this little play of Every-Day Life. You, sir, have borne, with patience, the hard rubs of fortune, and I have unknowingly added to your burthens. If my daughter, here, can persuade you to forget her father's injustice, I will leave that task to her.

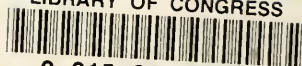
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